

May 1595, 450 r O D E s .

PARTHENOPHIL QB.BMSWS,

Her hands' fair white! Come Loves! here
stand I Let Graces' with yours, match
her hand ! Hide ! hide, alas I

Graces would smile
If you should match
I Hers, yours beguile!
HerSj garlands catch
From all the Nymphs! which blush the
while To see their white outmatched a
mile 1 Which praise did watch*

This glove, I kiss !
And, for thy
sake* J will not
miss,
But ballads make! And
every shepherd shall know
this; ?ARTHENOPHIL in such
grace is !
Muses_s awake!

For I will sing
Thy matchless
praises / And my
pipes bring,
Which floods amazes! Wild
Satyrs, friskins shall
outfling! The rocks shall this
day's glory ring! Whiles
Nymphs bring daisies. i
Some, woodbines
bear! Some,
damask roses!
The Muses were
A-binding posies, My goddess*
glove to herrye heire Great PAN
comes in, "with flowers 'gear,
And crowns composes!